

There are three supreme agonies in life: the agony of jealousy, the agony of fearing you have mistaken your talents, and the agony of ennuui.
—B. R. Haydon.

Read Tomorrow's Instalment of the Thrilling Serial "The Wolves of New York," Which Appears on This Page

The Times' Sunday Magazine Page

A mind free from ambition is a main help to political gentleness. Ambition, on the contrary, is hard-hearted, and the greatest fomenter of envy.
—Plutarch.

Economy in Business

SUGGESTIONS FOR GIRLS TO TAKE TO HEART

Even from a Selfish Standpoint It Is Worth While for the Employee to Practise Thoughtfulness.

By Eleanor Gilbert.

(Author "The Ambitious Woman in Business.")

DO you know how to economize on business property? A business office presents many temptations to waste, but it is also one of the best training schools for economy.

The temptation to waste comes in these offices where supplies are too easily available. "Getting more," is simply a matter of telephoning or sending a requisition to the supply clerk. Even an involved system of getting supplies—making it necessary for three people to counter-sign the requisition—is not a preventive of waste.

Actual economy that works must begin with the spirit of the worker. No amount of card indexes and red tape will prevent a girl from being careless with supplies or tools unless she herself determines on training in economical habits.

Perhaps in former days she didn't feel like saving paper or carbon or typewriter ribbons or any of the other thousand and one articles she had to handle in the course of her work. Perhaps it occurred to her that saving these tiny little odds and ends took so much time that the few dollars they amounted to during the month didn't pay. The company wouldn't miss the money, anyhow.

To-day, however, saving office supplies is a service to the nation, not merely to the employer. We know that there is a shortage of all sorts of supplies, and if we waste, in one place then some one else will have to go without.

A little thinking when using supplies will help train one in habits of economy. Watch out for the tiny little leaks. That is what the efficiency experts do, and there is no reason why the bright business woman can't make it part of her job to conserve her tools and supplies by keeping a sharp eye for the small leaks.

Waste of paper, carbon, the pe-

rennial mystery of vanishing pencils, can all be avoided with a little care. A common waste among stenographers is the use of the two-colored ribbon on the typewriter. The red portion is used very seldom, but has to be thrown away when the black part is worn out. Thus a whole ribbon is purchased and only one-half used. One sheet of red carbon paper inserted over the top sheet whenever red type is necessary answers the purpose and its cost is negligible.

In many offices yellow sheets for copies of letters are not used. The copy of the letter is, instead, written on the back of the letter answered. It saves paper, a considerable factor where hundreds of letters are written daily, and also saves file space. There are many other ways of economizing which the office worker can plan if she will only look about her with calculating eyes.

Another common waste in many offices is the failure to thoroughly use the time-saving machines. In many offices there are little time-saving devices that half of the employees don't know anything about. That is the height of extravagance—an investment which gives little or no return.

There are many jobs in business where there are limitations for advancement, but there is opportunity in almost every job to distinguish yourself for discovering a method of effecting greater economy. The women in the home are earnestly endeavoring to do their share toward conservation of our supplies, and sacrifices are being made daily in the name of economy.

The woman in business has her duty of economy also, and this time it is to be regarded not merely as an economy for the firm, but a duty to the nation. From a selfish standpoint alone it is worth your while to train in economy, for if you will get the habit of refraining from wasting your employer's property you will not waste your own.

The Laurel

By C. D. BATCHELOR



COLUMBIA will have the laurel for the victor. It will not be for those of us who have slogged the great responsibility of citizenship. Those who have been laggard and lukewarm. The Laodiceans were but lukewarm. "I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot. So because thou art lukewarm and neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my mouth." For it is certainly easier to respect an enemy rather than the doubtful patriot. Columbia will have the crown of laurel for the hot, for the fervent patriot who says "we cannot and will not fail."

ter of pride just like the Red Cross or the Service Flag. Mammy complains loudly at these various insignias because, "It ain't lawfull, honey-chile, accordin' to Medes and Persians, to let your left hand know what your right hand's a' doin', and you oughtn't to tell all your neighbors what's a secret between you and your Maker." But there is no right or left hand in time of war. And nobody proclaims either charity or grief these days, for the sake of being boastful, but to promote a unity of feeling, and to galvanize into life the universal spirit of comradeship in a great cause.

To My Sweetheart Soldier Every Girl Should Read These Wonderful Letters

Sweetheart:

We have a new friend, beloved, in the "Cowbell house." Our erstwhile neighbor of that mansion folded her wings like the Arab, and as silently stole away. We can hear of no leavetaking or good-bys that she left behind her. And now the house is occupied by an old, old couple. Mother tells me they are not married, but are brother and sister. And they live together in sweet companionship. The old lady embodies the eternal spirit of motherhood as she broods over the old man, her brother. He is one of God's "finest ones"—mildly insane, and like a child, but he harms no one and sits in the garden with the flowers, and talks to the wind and the soft clouds, and beguiles the children going to school with his sweet smile, and a pocket always full of candy. Sometimes he disappears into the house for ten or fifteen minutes, and it is then that he is supposed to be having a fit. It seems to me that this modest retirement on his part shows great thoughtfulness, and a good heart. I have been to the gate today and talked with him. We call him Uncle Jerry. And I came away feeling that his worldly innocence veils heavenly secrets with divine duplicity. He was sitting in the sun, waiting patiently for the children to come from school. In his hand was the large pasteboard letter "T"—the new insignia of the thrift stamps. Soberly he fingered it, and then regarded me. "T stands for tack—that's what my teacher used to say. Tacks you drive, and I've got a little hammer. Mother gave it to me long ago." And he smiled sweetly. "Would you like to see it? You take a tack and a little hammer, and the tack holds fast, and doesn't fall, and is very strong."

"Strange there should be such a big T for a little tack. Mother is dead and I can't ask her. Sister says 'T' stands for thrift, but she don't know. Mother knew, but she has gone. And I've got my little hammer, and it holds fast. Shall I show you?" But the children came from school, and he had to go. I saw the difference Uncle Jerry turned from me, and greeted them with loving smiles. Beloved, I looked at the "T" in our window when I came home. Thrift it surely means, but why not tack also? May there not be meaning in Uncle Jerry's wisdom? With thousands and millions of tasks, and willing hands behind the little hammers, would it not be possible to nail up and hold fast all the Kaisers in the world? I am going to consider every thrift stamp, from now on as a tack, and I'm going to drive it with a will into the coffin of autocracy. We all have our little hammers of effort, and encouragement, and if we drive them hard and have plenty of tacks, a structure will soon be raised that shall be invincible. There is a "T" in nearly every home now, and it should be a mat-

ter of pride just like the Red Cross or the Service Flag. Mammy complains loudly at these various insignias because, "It ain't lawfull, honey-chile, accordin' to Medes and Persians, to let your left hand know what your right hand's a' doin', and you oughtn't to tell all your neighbors what's a secret between you and your Maker." But there is no right or left hand in time of war. And nobody proclaims either charity or grief these days, for the sake of being boastful, but to promote a unity of feeling, and to galvanize into life the universal spirit of comradeship in a great cause.

I don't believe there has ever been a time when money, if used wisely, could prove such a blessing to mankind. Now is the time when money can be used for good, and you oughtn't to tell all your neighbors what's a secret between you and your Maker. But there is no right or left hand in time of war. And nobody proclaims either charity or grief these days, for the sake of being boastful, but to promote a unity of feeling, and to galvanize into life the universal spirit of comradeship in a great cause.

The Manicure Lady

By William F. Kirk.

"I WENT and bought me another Liberty Bond yesterday," said the Manicure Lady. "Goodness knows, George, that ain't doing none too much for my country, and I wish I could do more."

"I've got two myself, so I'm one of them blotted bondholders you hear tell about," said the Head Barber. "I guess if you body come across as strong as I done the country will be in bang-up shape."

"I guess it wouldn't do no good, George," said the Manicure Lady. "They've been bossed by a Kaiser so long that they can't see any other way out. They say if you take one of them goldfish out of a globe and put him in a big tub full of water he will keep right on swimming around and around in a little circle, the same as when he was in the globe. I reckon it must be the same way with a lot of folks that has always looked up to a king. I don't know—it's too deep for me, anyhow. All I know is that this country ain't ever going to stop till the kings is in the discard."

"It must be a pretty swell job, at that, being a king," said the Head Barber, rather anxiously. "I'd like to be a king just long enough to tell a few guys where to get off. I'd like to send Joe Blow to Siberia, for one thing. He gave me three tips on horses last week, and not one of them turned out right. I can't afford to be getting that kind of information."

WHAT MAKES AN AMERICAN

Prof. McKeever Tells His Ideas on Who's Who and Why

By William A. McKeever.

(One of the nation's foremost authorities on problems of childhood and sociology.)

WHO is a real American? Who is not? All are agreed that we now have only these two classes—Americans and Not Americans. The children are everywhere discussing this question and we must help them with the answer. One small schoolboy was settling the matter for his chums when he exclaimed, "I'll tell you. Whenever a fellow's named Fritz that's a sign he's a German."

Ask a group of boys and girls of the grammar school age to explain who is a real American and why, and the great variety of answers will easily suggest the necessity of clear and careful instruction. Who can give it?

Now, there are two great, fundamental rules to be observed in teaching the young—first, to be guided by the native impulse or interest; second, to choose a topic which is pre-eminent and persistently in the public mind.

Ordinarily precocious children do not care a penny's worth who is an American, who is not. But the noise and excitement about the war have forced the subject upon their attention, and the explanation should be given to this coming generation promptly and clearly. Thus a new and better American commonwealth will be conceived of for the future.

Wherefore, it is our first duty to explain to the young that we are now defining Americanism in terms of genuine and active loyalty—that some who are aliens in a legal sense are true and devoted in their service of our flag; that some natural-born and some naturalized citizens are failing to pass the new test.

Indeed, this is a rather startling affair for our adult minds to consider for ourselves, as well as for our children, namely, that certain members of the so-called oldest and best families are cold and indifferent at this time, if not slackers, and that certain sturdy immigrants are rushing into the American Army with most commendable enthusiasm.

It is a point of view, an attitude toward Government and progress, a sense of right and righteousness, to-day as never before in a half century, that is separating the American sheep from the foreign goats. One by one the whole population is to be called upon and each asked to show positive proof that he is loyal to our cause. There is now such a variety of ways to lend a hand or a dollar or otherwise assist that no reasonable excuse remains.

But reckless boys are now "yelling" not a few men who happen to have a German name or who speak with a German accent. At this hour of intense feeling it is well-nigh impossible to undo the insult or injury that may thus be inflicted upon innocent and loyal citizens. Just at this point the guardians of the young must forestall erroneous juvenile actions with both caution and explanation.

Here, then, in a word, is our best method of teaching your American child as to loyalty: To have him consider words and deeds rather than names and records of citizenship; to explain to him in simple terms the fact that we must all stand or fall together in the momentous business in which we are now engaged; to explain how the slacker is much more than an innocent or ignorant offender and how the failure of many like him may amount to such a menace as to threaten the very existence of the nation itself; finally to make it clear that the blood of our own boys is the terrible price to be charged against those who now attempt to confuse or hinder the leaders of this nation.

Modern China.

In a price essay written for the Chinese Joint Council on Public Health Education, Mr. Yang Tukupau, of one of the Shanghai Universities, throws some interesting light on the physical phases of the citizens of the new republic. Naturally endowed with strong constitutions, Mr. Yang says, the Chinese should have a much lower death rate than the records show. Their simple diet, their hygienic dress and their well-ventilated houses all contribute to a strong and abiding race vitality, and it is unfortunate that these conditions are not supplemented by adequate sanitation systems and a wider knowledge of disease prevention. Mr. Yang goes on to treat of the influence that have kept China in the past from physical development. He points out the dangers suffered from the old Chinese

practice of early marriage, foot-binding, opium-smoking and superstitious, all of which are now either totally or in part remedied. He cites the growing interest in outdoor sports and the introduction of Western methods of education with their latitude for natural development as hopeful signs of interest in the health of China.

Their Married Life

A NARRATIVE OF EVERYDAY AFFAIRS.

Warren Invites Mr. and Mrs. Stevens to Dinner and Then Spoils the Affair.

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"WARREN, I think it was very nice of you to think of this," said Mrs. Stevens, as they entered the dining room.

"Wasn't it nice?" said Helen happily.

"Nothing nice about it. You folks were good enough to ask us to the theatre, and I thought it would be nice for the four of us to have dinner here."

"Never knew they had a grill in this place," said Mr. Stevens, looking around. "A little place, isn't it?"

Warren thinks they have about the best table d'hôte in town, said Helen, as they were seated around a cozy table for four.

"Well, we ought to have a wonderful evening," said Mrs. Stevens. "I hope the play is as good as they tell us it will be. They say it made a great hit out of town."

"Oad it's a comedy," said Warren, looking down the menu. "None of these heavy dramas for me."

"You're right," agreed Mr. Stevens, and then Warren began to give his order to the waiter.

Helen was anxious for everything to go off all right that evening, and as the Stevens were easy-going people and did not rile Warren unless he was playing bridge with Mrs. Stevens, who was not a good bridge player, there was really no reason why the evening should not bring forth a lot of fun.

"Good food," queried Warren, as the first course was brought. "He was in a fine humor this evening; playing host always made him particularly genial. Good food and good service appeal to a man of Warren's far more than cabaret or dancing."

As they were about to begin on the soup course, Helen noticed an accident which seemed to some extent to mar the evening. The waiter raised her eyes to see if Warren noticed it and met those of Mrs. Stevens instead.

"Wonder what it can be?" Helen said in an undertone.

"Smells like ammonia," Mrs. Stevens returned. The smell was getting stronger every moment, and involuntarily Helen's eyes began to blink. It was ammonia, and a very strong extract of it at that.

Warren raised his head from his soup and sniffed suspiciously.

"What on earth is that smell?" he said sharply.

"It seems to come out of the radiator," said Helen. "It's ammonia, I think."

Warren was signalling the waiter, who came rushing up to their table. "What's that smell?" he asked.

"It's ammonia. It does not smell like burnt gas," he spoke respectfully, but Warren took no notice of this fact.

"We'll change our table," he said, stopping eating.

"It's the same all over the dining room, sir," the waiter returned. "It won't last long, though."

Helen noticed that although the other people noticed the odor, they were all taking it as a joke. Warren was the only one really angry.

After all, ammonia is not an unpleasant odor. Helen was so unreasonable to make a fuss about it particularly when they had guests.

"I'll stuff a napkin into the radiator, sir," the waiter said, smiling, and proceeded to do so. But the ammonia was escaping from other places in the dining room.

"We've got to get away from this radiator," Warren insisted. "They can say we sat with that odor pervading out in our faces."

The head waiter came up at Warren's summons and was quietly courteous. Of course they must change their table if they would prefer another one, and although Helen tried to demur, Warren insisted that they change to a table quite a distance away. His manner in comparison with that of the head waiter was brusque and rude. Helen felt mortified, as she and Mrs. Stevens were forced to trail their belongings across the dining room. She noticed that theirs was the only party changing their table.

"I hope it will be better over here," Warren said. "The idea of such a thing happening in a first-class place."

"As if that could help it," Helen could not help saying. "It isn't their fault, Warren; you act as if the waiters were personally responsible."

"They ought not to be a chance for such a thing to happen," Warren insisted. "Boiling people's appetites and losing good trade."

"I don't hardly notice it," interposed Mrs. Stevens. "It's almost gone."

She was right, it was almost gone, and all this trouble for nothing, to say nothing of the fact that they were all made uncomfortable by the fact that Warren was so obviously put out. If only he could take such things as a matter of course and get on at them instead of feeling himself personally affronted, but he is invariably just this way, and some little thing always happened to get a damper on his good spirits.

To Be Continued.

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Girls—and Drink.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am in love with a young man who seems to be in love with me, but at times he is very dictatorial and offends my pride. I take a drink occasionally, and he reprimands me for this.

Would you advise me to be obedient and stop drinking, thereby giving him the upper hand, or show independence?

LILLIAN.

WHETHER or not this man is dictatorial, honestly doesn't matter. What does matter is yourself and the dangerous habit you are forming. Don't worry about your pride. Recognize the evil drink will do to you. Apart from the fact that the woman who drinks is not judged kindly by the world, there is this greater consideration: Drink will undermine your health, weaken your moral fibre and take its toll of your youth and good looks.

APPROVED RECIPES

Graham Date Bread.

2251 Total Calories.

188 Protein Calories.

One cupful scalded milk, 1 cupful boiling water, 3 tablespoonfuls shortening, 2 teaspoonfuls salt, 4 tablespoonfuls molasses, 3 tablespoonfuls cold milk, 1/4 yeastcake, 1 quart graham flour, 1 cupful white bread flour, 1 cupful chopped dates, 1 tablespoonful powdered sugar. Pour the scalded milk and boiling water over the shortening, salt, and molasses, placed in a bowl. Let cool until lukewarm. Soften the yeastcake in one-fourth cupful of the lukewarm liquid and add it to the rest of the liquid. Beat in the graham and white flours, mix together thoroughly. Cover and let rise. When double in bulk knead in the dates and make into two loaves, put in greased pans, let rise for an hour, covered, and bake an hour in a moderate oven. Fifteen minutes before taking from oven rub the tops of the loaves with the powdered sugar dissolved in the cold milk.

Apples Stuffed with Sausage.

1747 Total Calories.

283 Protein Calories.

Six medium-sized apples, 8 sausages, 1/4 cupful water. Wash and core six medium-sized apples. Insert one sausage in the cavity of each apple. Place in a pan with the water, and bake in a moderate oven until the apples are tender and the sausages are done. Just before serving, sprinkle with chopped parsley and paprika.

RAW MILK AND CREAM

To protect children, invalids and those who are in a run-down condition, raw milk and cream should be avoided. Much of it is safe and wholesome for healthy adults, but it is not always reliable, and many such cases have been caused by raw milk, sometimes even by the special or certified kind.

Properly pasteurized milk and cream, carefully cooled and bottled, is the only kind people should drink. If this cannot be obtained, use the raw milk without boiling it.

Heat-treating milk does not impair its digestibility or nourishment. It does not cause rickets or scurvy in children. These facts have been definitely established by competent sanitarians and food experts.

The Health Officer of the District of Columbia will give you the sanitary rating of your local milk supply at any time you should apply for it.

Society for Prevention of Sickness.

E. BEALINER, Secretary.

The Bulletin of the Society for Prevention of Sickness, signed by Mr. E. Bealiner, are not only reliable, but they deserve the attention of the public, for whose benefit they are issued.

Dr. GEO. M. ROBER (Professor of Hygiene, Georgetown University).

Nervous Exhaustion

REAL NEURASTHENIA AND FALSE

By Brice Belden, M. D.

ROUGHLY speaking, there are two kinds of neurasthenia. One of these might be called true neurasthenia, and is taken seriously by the medical profession. The other is a more or less false neurasthenia, and is not taken seriously.

Neurasthenia is a very common affection, and may be defined as a state of chronic nervous fatigue, the symptoms being due to the exhaustion of the nervous system.

In true neurasthenia, which generally occurs in males between the ages of twenty and fifty, there is apt to be a hereditary strain, the individual being derived from stock of essentially deficient stamina. The earlier it occurs the more likely the hereditary weakness.

Confusing occupations, close attention to detail, anxiety, great concentration, and assumption of responsibilities too heavy for the individual to bear, predispose to neurasthenia.

Emotional excitability favors the development of neurasthenia. A combination of overwork with insufficient rest and worry is a common cause. Indiscreet or unhygienic living may play a part. In-

HOUSEHOLD SUGGESTIONS

If an ordinary gas ring is surrounded by bricks one can keep two or three sausages simmering with the one ring, as the bricks soon get hot, and retain the heat.

A good waterproofing for boots can be made by melting together equal parts of beeswax and mutton suet. Rub this lightly on the soles and edges of the boots.

Rub unbroken shellblains with dry salt and mustard mixed in equal quantities. This will relieve the irritation considerably.

A little methylated spirit rubbed over candles will harden them, and prevent them melting if kept in a warm place.

An oil stove will burn better and give more heat if raised above the ground.

The Next Installment of "The Wolves of New York" Will Appear on This Page Tomorrow.